

## The Tragedie

*King.* March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,  
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,  
Yet to beate downe these rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,  
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of Richmond  
Is with a mightie power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tydings, yet they must be told.

*King.* Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,  
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.  
Some one take order Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

*Enter Darbie, Sir Christopher.*

*Dar.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,  
That in the stie of this most bloudie bore,  
My sonne George Stanley is franckt vp in hold,  
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,  
The feare of that, withholds my present aide,  
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

*Christ.* At Pembroke, or at Herford-west in Wales.

*Dar.* What men of name resort to him?

*S, Christ.* Syr Walter Herbert, a renowned souldier,  
Syr Gilbet Talbot, sir William Stanley,  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
Rice vp Thomas, with a valiant crew.  
With many moe of noble fame and worth,  
And towards London they do bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withall.

*Dar.* Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,  
Tell him, the Queene hath hartly consented  
He shall espowse Elizabeth her daughter,  
These Letters will resolute him of my minde,  
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Buckingham to execution.*

*Buc.* Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

*Ret.* No my Lord, therefore be patient.

*Buc.* Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuer, Gray,  
Holy King Henry, and thy faire sonne Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,  
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,